



My dear old Idealistic friend, J. Pierpont Morgan, was babbling to me of the joys of spring (not the sort of spring that stocks are watered from, but the kind that gives us back and that tired feeling).

"How indistinguishably the Rabbit and the Egg are woven into the fabric of golden Easter tradition!" he exclaimed, rolling his eyes in poetic rapture.

"Yes," I agreed, wittily, "and how indistinguishably the two women into the fabric of golden buck all the rest of the year!"

John D. Rockefeller II. was trying to instill some of the financial knowledge of John D. Rockefeller I. into the baby brain of John D. Rockefeller III. I sat by with a superior smile, waiting, nevertheless, for a chance to get some sense out of a tip that should enable me to grow rich by "fair-play"—a few of my native stock croppers.

"Now, Johnny III., went on Johnny II., "here is a little sum in paper money for you to start on: Suppose a man owned \$100,000 and wished to lend him \$1,000,000 at 3 per cent."

"Grandpa would never see the joke," I replied.